

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

ST. CHRISTOPHER'S CLIFF.

DURING those calamitous times in which England was harassed by the daring ambition of Cromwell, every man pursued the path to which his feelings led him, and rose or sank with the party whose political principles he espoused. In the earlier stage of the Protector's career, his designs were often thwarted by the cool, steady courage and undeviating rectitude of Albert Mordaunt, a Staffordshire gentleman, possessed of considerable influence in the county in which he resided, and a firm adherent to the royal cause. The depressed spirits of Mordaunt's adherents were roused and supported by his presence; and influenced by his sanguine disposition, they looked towards the future with some degree of that hope which animated his own bosom. As the affairs of the Usurper prospered, and the sceptre appeared within his grasp, several events occurred which gave Mordaunt many opportunities of displaying his loyalty and courage, whilst at the same time they attracted the attention of Cromwell, who felt that the highly principled Englishman must be secured as a valuable friend, or destroyed as an implacable enemy. In pursuance of these ideas, every advantage that rank or wealth could offer were held out to seduce his constancy, but it remained unshaken. Descended from a long line of valiant and loyal, though untitled ancestors, was it in the Usurper's power to add dignity to a Mordaunt?—Would not their descendant have blushed to own any title which was purchased at the price of his unsullied honour? Possessed of independence, the allurements of wealth were equally disdained; and the ambitious Cromwell, finding every attempt to gain Mordaunt as a friend had proved unsuccessful, determined on the ruin of the man whose power checked his advancement, and whose superiority his heart owned with feelings of the bitterest resentment. His estates were confiscated, his noble mansion burned to the ground, a price set upon his head; and accompanied by his family with two old domestics, he fled from Staffordshire, where the emissaries of his adversary were diligently pursuing his footsteps. He took with him what money, clothes, and other articles his sudden flight would allow of, and embarking on board a small yacht which he procured on the coast, gave out that he was bound to the north of Scotland; and at the same time bent his course to the south of England, intending to proceed to France.

The dangers which awaited him on shore, were now exchanged for the perils of the sea. In his early years he had been a wanderer, and in the course of several voyages had acquired some little skill in nautical affairs. His son, a youth about fifteen years of age, assisted his father in conducting his little bark, and they quitted their native land with a fair wind, and every promise of fine weather. The companions of their voyage consisted of Mrs. Mordaunt, a fine looking woman, about the middle age of life, in whose appear-

ance an air of dignity which commanded respect was blended with all the tenderness of the most affectionate mother. She sat at the stern of the vessel pondering deeply on their forlorn situation, and anxiously watching the countenance of her blind but beautiful daughter. Anna, unconscious of her ardent gaze, bent over the vessel's side and listened to the dashing of the waves as their little bark "furrowed the green sea foam." She saw them not!—for her, poor girl, the beauty of the opening morn was spread in vain! she felt the cheering influence of the sun, but from her sealed lids there beamed no ray of light—"the long dark lashes fringed those lids of snow!"—she leant in silence on the deck, and but for the smile of archness on her lip, you might have thought her spirit slumbered while she dreamed of those she loved.

Her sister Elinor had just attained her eighteenth year. The first misfortune she had ever known, was that which drove her from the scenes she loved. She deplored her father's fate, and wept to find her beloved mother exposed to the frowns of fortune. She thought not of herself; her buoyant spirit rose in proportion to the evils which surrounded them: and, whilst soothing her sister's affliction, she felt happy though an exile. Love was a stranger to her heart; the weight of blighted hopes had never chilled her feeling, or made her look with coldness on the world. The scene around was new; the party they had escaped gave animation to her countenance; she sung short snatches of her favourite airs, or foretold the time would come when friends and fortune should be theirs once more. A female domestic and an old man-servant, formed the rest of this family, who were thus seeking safety for the declining years of that beloved father, on whose head a price was fixed.

The two first days of their voyage were beautiful; the sun shone in full splendour; while a brisk and favouring wind bore them swiftly over the rolling billows of the ocean, and cheerfulness re-animated the exiles. On the evening of the third day, the sky assumed a stormy appearance; the wind rose, and the thunder rolled at a distance, foretelling an approaching storm. Mordaunt looked anxiously on those around him,—on those beloved beings, who for his sake had left their native land, and were the unrepining partners of his destiny. He saw the dangers which surrounded them; he felt his inefficient skill; and breathing a silent prayer to that Being who alone had power to protect them in the coming storm, he hastened on deck, and calling his son, made every preparation that prudence and courage could suggest to brave the impending danger.

In the meanwhile, the wind raged with unabated violence, a pitchy darkness enveloped every object, the vessel groaned as she rose heavily on the waves, and sunk into the fearful depth below. The forked lightning rent the thunder-clouds; the cordage and storm-sails were for a second brightly illuminated; the foaming waves were tinged by the fire of Heaven; and the next moment fearful darkness sunk around, broken alone by the howling of the storm, and the steady voice of the father as he gave his orders to his son. In this hour of anxiety and horror, what were the feelings of his wife and chil-

dren! The active exertions of the men forbade their thoughts to dwell upon the scene? whilst the females of the party, unable to afford assistance, nursed in the lap of luxury and ease, had full time to ponder on their awful fate. The mother clasped her sightless child to her breast, and wept in agony: Elinor sunk beside them, and their prayers ascended unto Him who stilleth the raging of the wind, and bids the storm subside in peace.

A sudden crash and the violent motion of the vessel, alarmed and startled Elinor; springing on the deck, she stood motionless with horror at the scene around her. The mast was carried away by the board; the broken rigging lay strewn upon the deck: the waves dashed over the shattered vessel: the hooting sea-birds shrieked, whilst a broad sheet of lightning revealed the awfulness of their situation. Hurried onwards by the impetuous tide, the shattered vessel was driving full upon a ridge of rocks, which stretched in large disjointed masses into the sea as if broken by an earthquake: they had been rent from the stupendous cliff which soared above, and formed the extremity of an island to the south of the Hampshire coast. The vessel was now perfectly unmanageable; and as Mordaunt beheld the apparently inevitable destruction which surrounded them, he hastened to his wife and child, and bringing them on deck, awaited the event in speechless anxiety.

Provisionally the vessel drifted by the Needle Rocks, and was carried by the force of the current towards Allum Bay; where finding she could scarcely float upon the waters, Mordaunt determined to seek for safety in the little boat, in which he placed his family and attempted to gain the shore. In the bay, the force of the wind and waves were felt in a lesser degree than beyond the Needles; and though the waves threatened every moment to overwhelm them, they at length succeeded in gaining the shore, and smiling on the earth, poured forth their gratitude with tears of joy. Day dawned; the angry waves now murmured to the shore; the swelling sea became more calm; the wind was hushed, and the grey misty morning dawned serenely on the exiles.

The shattered yacht had drifted on the shore, and they made their first efforts to secure whatever she contained, whilst yet the stillness of the sea allowed of the attempt. This done and their little property being now in safety, they turned their thoughts to finding an accommodation from the weather, and to the security of the spot from every human eye.

To the right of the place where their landing was first effected, a broad arm of the sea divided them from the main land: before them rolled the unbounded ocean; and on the left arose high chalky cliffs, rising perpendicularly from the sea, which rolled below. The cliff behind them was remarkably variegated by beautifully-coloured sands, which now shone beneath the morning sun in every varying colour; and contrasted well with the white cliffs of the rock on the left, and the blue depth of the ocean at its feet. On proceeding to the top of the cliff, which was covered by a short turf, and afforded but a slippery footing to the wanderers, the view which presented itself afforded them great gratification. Mordaunt found they had been driven by the storm from the course he originally intended to have held, and

had suffered shipwreck on the most western extremity of the Isle of Wight, bounded on three sides by the ocean; he was less fearful that the place of his retreat should be discovered, and in the direction of the land he found it for several miles perfectly uninhabited. At a distance, indeed, he fancied he could distinguish the huts of some poor fishermen; but from them he could dread no molestation, nor was it likely their employments would lead them to that desolate spot where the exiles hoped for the present to find peace and security. Assisted by the old domestic, they carried the planks and those parts of the yacht which were washed on shore further up the cliff, to the spot where they intended to fix their abode, and erected their little habitation on the side of the cliff, invoking St. Christopher, their patron Saint, to bless their undertaking. Having saved every thing that the vessel contained, their work proceeded quickly, and in a few days the grateful family once more assembled around their own fire side and talked of their home,—the home of the exiles.

The next morning ushered in the Sabbath; blessing the day of rest, they assembled before the door of their simple abode. Here, on the high open cliff of St. Christopher, the ocean rolling before them and dashing at the base of rocks, with no other canopy than the blue firmament of heaven, the father of the family poured his devotion to Him who dwelleth in the Highest, and looketh with compassion on the sons of earth; whilst the low responses of his sightless daughter mingled with her father's prayers. The little boat was soon repaired: and assisted by young Fulbert, Mordaunt spent his time fishing in the bay, or destroying the rabbits, with which the cliffs abounded: and thus supplied the wants of the family, whilst it agreeably occupied his own time. Mrs. Mordaunt and her daughters pursued their usual avocations; and as their work, music, and implements for drawing, had been brought uninjured from the wreck, the day passed with the same delightful rapidity as in former times, when the ladies of Landford were the theme of universal admiration.

Not long had they occupied this wild and desolate situation, ere their circle was enlivened by the appearance of a stranger, and the smile of welcome played on every face as they recognised the youthful Orlando. Orlando's introduction to the Mordaunt family had taken place but a short time before the confiscation of their estates. He found the father a pleasant well bred gentleman; he admired the mingled pride, dignity, and tenderness of Mrs. Mordaunt's character. Young Fulbert was a noble-minded boy; with Anna he laughed away the pleasant hours; and in Elinor he found one whose character strongly assimilated with his own. Young, ardent in all her feelings, enthusiastic in every pursuit, the lover of Nature in storm and tempest, as well as in the hour of sunshine. The happy gaiety of her life was never clouded but by that deep and tender melancholy, the result of powerful feelings, which as yet had never been called forth but by her affection towards her family, or by the power of poetry. Her large blue eyes sparkled with pleasure as she gave her hand to Orlando, and bade him welcome in their solitude.

Orlando's feelings were more inclined to volatility than those of Elinor, and the melancholy that nature had bestowed on her, seldom disturbed the bosom of the youth. Nobly descended—the favoured child of fortune—graced by nature with an elegant person, Orlando was the image of youthful beauty. His age was the same as Elinor's. The polish of high society was perceived in his manners, and was ornamented by the delicacy of his mind. There was an *hauteur* in his air which spoke too much of pride; and, at times, a quickness or irritability of manner, that showed violent and perhaps ill-governed feelings. His vanity was undisguised; and under an appearance of perfect openness, lurked a character too deep to be easily understood, even by those who believed themselves his intimate and familiar friends. Similarity of taste, and perhaps in some respect of foibles, too, attracted Elinor and Orlando towards each other; but their acquaintance had been slight, until the day when on the summit of that high cliff they renewed the history of former times. Orlando's love of wandering had drawn him to the island; and his taste for the wild and beautiful had led his idle footsteps in search of the picturesque, until he reached the dwelling of the exiles, which fatigue and curiosity had induced him to enter. Whilst Elinor and her sister were engaged in other pursuits, Orlando accompanied by Fulbert, would destroy the game, and explore the surrounding country, still carefully avoiding the natives in their rambles. The screams of the sea-birds, as they hovered and wheeled around the sides of the cliff, induced Orlando to attempt the descent in order to procure their eggs, and with the assistance of an iron crow and a strong rope, with a piece of stick fastened at the end of it, on which he seated himself, fearlessly he descended the dizzy height; the long pole in his hand he struck against the rock, and prevented himself from being swung with too much force against the sharp projections of the cliff. Having taken some eggs, and collected the samphire which grew in the crevices, he called to those above to raise the rope; and the daring adventurer gaily hastened to lay the spoils at Elinor's feet.

Accompanied by Anna, they would wander on the shore, or, idly resting on the cliff, admire each bright variety of nature,—each scene they loved their pencils traced; they were not guided by the rules of art as much as by their feelings; their sketches were slight, but spirited; and in aftertimes would Elinor gaze on them, and sadly call to mind the praises which her friend bestowed—those praises which she loved so well:—

"She was the child of nature,—earth, sea, sky,
Mountain and cataract, fern-clad hill and dale,
Possessed a nameless charm in her young eye,
Pure and eternal."
"How happily these hours of friendship glided by,
No joyous youth what soul hath never known,
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to his own!"

—She loved Orlando's daring bravery; with shuddering pleasure would she view him seize the wild bird's eggs, or gazing on the sea, would tell the tale of other times, and weep for fancied sorrows.

One lovely autumnal evening, Orlando, Elinor, and Fulbert, were standing on the extreme left verge of St. Christopher's cliff, on the edge of a precipice washed by the waves, which dashed in foam on the steep and narrow shore below. The spot was not approachable from the land; the jutting rocks on either side advancing into the ocean formed a little bay; at the back arose the perpendicular cliff; the ocean rolled its heavy breakers in the front, rendering a landing full of peril to those who might attempt it.

Orlando, when in Elinor's sight, loved to court danger, for her smile rewarded him; but he better loved the mild reproof his rashness drew, in those low tones of tenderness. He wished to gather samphire, and gaily laughing at her fears, prepared for the descent; his friend stood by; she gently urged him to remain; but

she will prize me more when I return, Orlando thought, and turned to go. But when he saw that tearful eye, and marked the paleness of her cheek, he clasped her hand—"Dear Elinor, we shall meet again"—his looks spoke all she loved yet feared to hear. Again she smiled, and saw her friend descend with sickening velocity. The rope on which his whole dependence hung, caught on the sharp projection of the rock, and strand by strand gave way. Orlando saw the impending fate, he raised his eyes, and Elinor shrieked in agony; that parting look of love could never be forgotten; she saw no more, but sinking on the earth, the dash of waves, the echo of the rocks, and the low groan of parting life, spake horror to her soul. With sudden fearful eagerness she gazed adown the cliff—

"We gaze, how long we gaze, despite of pain,
And know but dare not own, we gaze in vain!"

She passed her hand across her brow to dull the sense of pain,—she knew not what had passed, and her strained sight was dim and vacant; once more arose that low faint groan—sense, feeling, all returned—the dimness fled before her gaze—she saw that lovely form now stretched in death—that speaking eye for ever closed—that open brow bathed by the ocean's foam—all human help was vain—she knew, she felt it so, and closed her eyes in hopeless agony. The Mordaunts sought the spot—they found their youthful friend—his slight and active limbs were cold in death—

"And the spirit that sat in his bright blue eye,
Was struck with cold mortality."

In silence they hollowed his narrow bed; the ocean waves roll o'er it; the spirit of the storm moans wildly o'er the spot, but the wanderer rests in peace—

"Blest be the generous soul!—a purer spirit has not
Heaven."

Upon the bosom of her mother lay the unconscious Elinor; her sister bathed her pallid brow, and roused her from her trance. She wildly looked around—she laughed in bitter mirth—whilst at intervals returning reason strove to regain its empire. Clapsed in her mother's arms, she called upon her name, and bade her save her child—again she madly shrieked, and sense and reason fled. As time rolled on, his lenient power stilled these tempestuous feelings, and a settled melancholy took possession of her soul.

"She walked upon the earth as one who knew
The dread mysterious secrets of the grave;
But never o'er her eye of heavenly blue
Lightened a smile."
—she had flown
To endless grief or refuge; she would rave,
And to the night winds tell her tale unknown;
Or wander o'er the heath deserted and alone."

Her sister's soul, her parent's tenderness, soothed, but abated not, this settled sorrow. She loved to be alone, and when the moon shone calmly on the waters, then would she steal unto that fatal spot; and, bending o'er the giddy verge, think on the days of yore. Then would her spirit commune with her love, and she would talk as though her friend were near. His last kind gift would press upon her heart, whilst she dwelt upon his words. And as she marked her thin and fading form, she joyed to think that they should meet again, and thought upon the tomb till death had lost its horrors. The moonbeams dwell upon the cliff, but Elinor is not there; that broken heart has sunk to rest—that aching head is pillowed on the earth—she sleeps beside her friend in sweet eternal peace, and spirits bless the spot.

THE SHAM GHOST.

Monsieur Capricon, a native of Montpelier, had confined his whole life to the study of astrology; an art which being little calculated to lead to wealth, this great foreteller of other people's fortune possessed but a very trifling one himself. All his riches were comprised in a cottage at Vitra, and five hundred livres per an-

num, with which he supported himself, a daughter (a lovely girl about one-and-twenty,) and Gertrude an old female domestic.

He had, with great exactness, drawn the figure of his child, cast her nativity, formed a diagram of the astrological houses, contemplated narrowly the configuration of the planets at the hour of her birth, and verified them in so many ways, that, having brought them to mathematical precision, he announced publicly that she was born to possess great riches. Presuming on this, he had refused the offers of numberless lovers, whose figures did not promise what he expected. At length, one who had fallen in love with Miss Adeline, was so fortunate as to choose by chance (for he did not by his own wisdom) an hour that every way tallied with the astrologer's imagination.

Mr. Buffonet (his name) was as madly attached to Helicon as Mr. Capricon was to the Zodiac. In a word, he was a poet, and a greater fool, by several grains, than the astrologer; but to compensate for this, he was richer by many pounds. Having the father's consent, he commenced his attack the following day with two madrigals, an acrostic, six stanzas, a poetical epistle, twelve epigrams, and a legitimate sonnet—the forerunners of a solemn declaration of his love.

Adeline was very far from approving of our bard. She had previously fixed her affections on a neighbouring youth called La Grange, and often, by the connivance of Gertrude, privately enjoyed his company. Old Capricon, however, infatuated with the poet's horoscope, insisted seriously of her resolving to marry him. This fiat was no sooner known, than a council of the three opponents was called; and, after much debate, Gertrude fixed on this stratagem: Adeline was to feign the fool, La Grange to raise a report of his death, and the rest was to be left to her.

Having made this determination, the next day La Grange fell in, and begged to see the astrologer. He visited him; and the other, affecting an implicit faith in his art, requested him to exercise it without flattery. Mr. Capricon drew a variety of figures, and presently, with a gloomy countenance, pronounced him a dead man in six hours. La Grange followed his prophecy with the greatest fidelity, and at the exact hour predicted gave up the ghost. A friend at whose house he was concealed, filled the coffin with rubbish, and had it regularly buried. Old Capricon exulting in his science attended the funeral.

Adeline, the instant she heard of the death of La Grange began to perform her part. A number of diagrams, figures, &c. which had cost her father many hours of lost time, she tore to pieces in his presence, and this perfectly convinced him of her derangement. When the poet paid her a visit, she smartly exercised a cane on his back, which led him to make a similar conclusion, and to decline the honour of an alliance with the Capricon family. The astrologer, however, had bound him to forfeit 500 crowns if he should refuse his daughter. This he demanded. The poet pleaded her madness as an excuse, and demanded time to endeavour to get her cured: protesting that he would rather lose his whole fortune, than take her in her present state, with the disposition she had manifested towards him.

Next day, Mr. Buffonet brought a physician to see Miss Adeline. The patient was at that time lolling in an arm chair, pretending to be in a lethargic convulsion, and holding a thick stick negligently in her hand. The doctor felt her pulse, and, after a great deal of technical nonsense, affirmed, that he had no hesitation in declaring, that the patient was *non compos mentis*; in English, mad. "Mad!" cried Adeline, starting up, and laying about her to the right and left,

on the shoulders of the physician and poet, with so much alertness, that each had received a dozen smart strokes before the father perceived what she was about: and when he offered to interpose, Gertrude prevented him, fearing as she said, that he should be beaten by his daughter. The catastrophe of this scene made the poet resolve, once for all, to beat a retreat. He declared he would sooner marry Tisiphone, than such a woman. Saying this, he made his final exit.

Gertrude now thought the time was come to put the finishing touch to her scheme; she therefore took an opportunity of talking to Capricon; and after telling him that he had in some measure by his prediction, been the death of La Grange, and the cause of his daughter's derangement, she said, "But the evil does not end here: for to fill up the measure of our misfortunes, for the last five days La Grange's ghost has every night appeared in Miss Adeline's bed-chamber, and—Oh! if you could see how, in the transports of her madness, she embraces and hugs her poor ghost, you could not but regret your not having consented to their union."

"Eh!—What!" cried old Capricon, starting: "His ghost appear to my daughter! Well then I must see it. Oh, I have a thousand questions to ask it about the stars!" "Well—well," said Gertrude, "so you shall. And that it may not do you a mischief on account of its death, I will read a prayer, I have against spirits: and then you'll have nothing to fear." Every thing thus arranged, Adeline went to bed at her usual hour, leaving her candle burning on the table. The ghost was concealed in a contiguous room, wrapped up in a sheet; and the astrologer, with old Gertrude, stood sentry in the closet. In a few minutes the ghost with a violent rumbling, issued from his hiding place, and opened the bed curtains, in a hollow tone called three times—

"Adeline!—Adeline!—Adeline!"
I shall not attempt to describe the terror and palpitation of old Capricon. He could barely utter—"Say—say the prayer!—say it, dear Gertrude!—say it—quick." Gertrude mumbled over some words, when Adeline jumped out of bed, and threw her arms around La Grange's neck: said innumerable tender things to him, and at last invited him to partake of her bed. But the ghost assumed a graver air, and ejaculated with a voice that seemed to come from the sepulchre. "Oh! touch me not! Thy father has been my death—but he shall be punished, unless he consent to my marrying thee, by which means my soul will have permission to reanimate my body. Thus, and thus alone, can he repair the wrong he had done me, terminate the torments I am obliged to inflict on thee, and prevent those I have in store for him."

Old Capricon's curiosity about the stars was at an end—A fountain of perspiration poured from his quivering limbs. Pressing close to Gertrude he muttered, "What shall I do!—what shall I do! Say over your prayer—quick!—quick!—or it's all over with me. Why don't you speak? What shall I do?" "A pretty question," she replied. "Step out, to be sure, and tell him that you consent to his marriage, that's all he wants." "Consent!—ay, that I will, with all my soul!" said he; "but as to stepping out I had rather not. You go.—Go, and say what you please."

Gertrude obeyed, and was ordered to bring Mr. Capricon himself. She now drew the astrologer from his hole more dead than alive. He threw himself on his knees before La Grange, and, without daring to look in his face, promised to agree to whatever he desired. "I will not take thy word," said he, "Gertrude—here, in my bosom thou wilt find a paper; draw it forth, and let him sign it. I employed one of the greatest lawyers that ever breathed, to make it fast and binding. Sign!"

The contract being signed, La Grange said, "A part of what is to be done, is done! but I shall not revive until thou hast unburthened me of the winding sheet, and my corse, even with thine own hands, laid in thy daughter's bed: and when I shall resuscitate, we will perform the rest of the ceremony." Capricorn and Gertrude directly set about undressing this living corse, and quickly placed it in the bed by the side of its dear Adeline. La Grange was no sooner there than heaving a deep sigh he exclaimed, "Ah!—Heaven be praised, I revive! Adieu! Good night, Mr. Capricorn!"

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loze and who wins; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's apies. SHAKESPEARE

The Philosophy of Advertisements.—Gentle Readers!—Have you ever looked over a newspaper in a philosophical manner? Have you picked the choicest morsels from the bone? Some things are to be swallowed and some to be digested, says Lord Bacon. The political part of a newspaper is like the rough, shaggy, and worthless part of the best wall-fruit. Eat, I pray you, the pulp in future, and the shell may be left to the teeth of political quidnuncs.

In glancing over those indications of the state of the age, the advertisements of newspapers, one would think that the millennium was rapidly approaching. The wolf has, evidently, began his future operation of dandling the lamb. One feels all the springs of one's philanthropy unloosed while we read. Nothing can exceed the instances of pure disinterestedness which they exhibit. The offers of money-lenders are splendid testimonies of the generosity of our countrymen, among whom Jews and Christians rival each other in benevolence. Assistance of every kind is offered to those in want. What a praiseworthy hospitality is manifested by the individuals who provide board and lodging for all who need accommodation! Remark, too, the benevolence of the medical philosophers. Then the lottery-office keepers—what disinterestedness! Although they are certain that \$10,000, nay \$20,000 must be payable to the holders of tickets now in their drawers, they make a point of admitting the public to share in their good fortune. This disregard for self even extends to the retail tradesman, who, out of gratitude for public patronage, generously offers his goods at 50 per cent. under prime cost. This pure and virtuous amelioration extends downwards through all the relations of life; all confidential agents are trustworthy, and all nursery-maids sweet-tempered. Indeed there is little or no vice left either in man or horse.

Then look to the testimony given of the 'march of mind.' What *bonhomie* in the matrimonial advertisements! What scientific allurements in the promises of dancing-masters! What discretion is taught by the insurance offices! What spirit and enterprises are stimulated by the lottery puffs!

It is also a most pleasing circumstance to find that the enjoyments of the world increase with its amicable dispositions. Every book announced for publication is a literary treasure. Every exhibition unites the instructive with the amusing; and every cottage to be let is an Eden. Nothing is left unattended to. Even when the enjoyment of an advantage is likely to be attended with that dash of the disagreeable, annexed as a condition of human delights, how admirably and quickly are the correctives applied. If the Gourmand purchase a portion of bilious fever along with 'old port at 40s. per doz.' and if the 'curious in fish sauce' are seduced into apoplexy by the patentee, the newspaper, like the viper, carries with it

a remedy for the poison; for the 'cau medicinale' appears in juxtaposition with 'fresh turtles every day;' and 'Barclay's antibilious pills' serve as a proper accompaniment to the 'newly invented sauce epicurienne.' Every line of the advertising part of a paper teems with matter of congratulation. In one column you find a 'pomade divine, to make the hair grow,' and in the next a 'Circassian lotion' to check its exuberance, should the unlucky experimentalist produce too rich a growth in a wrong place. On one hand the 'fairy genius' of advertisements offers you a wash to preserve the gums, and on the other 'indestructible teeth' to fit into them. What a magical gift do those Circes of fashion, the stay-makers, possess, when they inform the exquisites of both sexes that 'stays may be made to remedy any deformity.' What a happiness to learn that when the 'incomparable Macassar oil' has lost its efficacy, wigs may be 'made, to put nature to the blush,' and 'whiskers' manufactured, with skill sufficient to have deceived the lynx eye of Frederic of Prussia. That glass eyes are fabricated so very cleverly, that they will do every thing—but see; and that cork legs are to be had, which do every thing—but feel. Well may we exclaim with Lord Byron,

This is the patent age of new inventions
For killing bodies and for saving souls!
What opposite discoveries we have seen,
Signs of true genius and of empty pockets!
One makes new noses—one a guillotine—
One breaks your bones—one sets them in the sockets.

Interesting Anecdote.—Some years since, a lady called at a glover's shop in the outskirts of London, and purchased a pair of gloves for her immediate wear; observing at the time, that she was on her road to Barnet; that she had left her gloves at a friend's house where she had called, and that she was apprehensive of being benighted if she went back for them. The glover fitted on the lady's gloves, and the lady, after paying for them from a purse well stocked with bank notes, stepped into her post-chaise, and proceeded on her journey.

She had scarcely reached Finchley Common, when a highwayman stopped the chaise and demanded her money; he entreated her not to be alarmed, he had no intention upon her person; if she surrendered her property, it was all he wanted; distress, and not his will, urged him to the desperate act, and he was determined to remove his penury or perish. The lady gave her purse, and the depredator rode off.

After he was gone, and the fright had subsided, the lady imagined, that in the address of the highwayman she recognised the voice of the glover she had some time before dealt with. This conceit struck her so forcibly, that she ordered the post-boy to drive back to town, not choosing, as she said, to venture farther over the Heath. On her arrival at the glover's, she knocked and gained admittance; the glover himself opened the door. The lady desired to speak with him in private. The glover showed her to a back parlour, when she exclaimed, "I am come for my purse, which you have robbed me of this evening on Finchley Common!" The glover was confounded. The lady proceeded—"It is of no use for you to deny it; I am convinced, and your life is at my mercy. Return me my property, and trust to my humanity!" The glover, overcome with guilt, shame, and confusion, returned the purse, confessed his crime, and pleaded his distresses.

The lady, after a suitable admonishment, gave him a £10 note, bade him mend his way of life, and keep his own counsel, adding, that she would never divulge his name or place of abode. She kept her word; and though the robbery was stated in the public papers, the subsequent discovery was omitted, and it was not till very recently, that a minute of this singular transaction was found among the

papers of the lady alluded to. Even in this private memorandum, the name and residence of the shopkeeper were carefully omitted, and the secret, in that particular, rests with the lady in the grave.

Nicole.—It very frequently happens that a man who has distinguished himself in the literary world, makes but a silly appearance in general society. A lady, who was a great admirer of the celebrated Nicole's morality, requested her director to invite him to dine at her house: the invitation was accordingly given, and Nicole, who was introduced by the director, sat down to a better dinner than he had ever been invited to before. A lady is not frugal in her preparations to entertain the man who has the direction of her conscience; so that burgundy and champagne flowed in the greatest abundance. Nicole, whose ideas were a little confused by a degree of good cheer he had been unaccustomed to, thought it necessary to say something very polite on taking leave. Addressing himself to the lady, "Indeed, madam," said he, "I am penetrated with your goodness and politeness, nor has it been possible for me at the same time to avoid admiring your charms, and particularly your beautiful little eyes." The director, who was more a man of the world, took him to task as they were going down stairs: "How could you," said the father, "be so simple as to express yourself in such a manner! Do not you know that a woman is mortified at being told her eyes are very little?" "Is it possible," returned Nicole, "that I should have made such a mistake?—but it shall be soon remedied,"—and, rushing up stairs again, notwithstanding the director's efforts to detain him, he re-entered the room, and addressed the lady in these words: "Ah! madam; forgive the fault I have ignorantly committed; my good brother, who understands politeness better than I, has just made me perceive it; yes, I now indeed see, that I was mistaken, for not only are your eyes large, but your nose, mouth, and feet, are the largest I ever beheld!"

Generosity of a Conqueror.—During the war between the Portuguese and the inhabitants of the Island of Ceylon, Thomas de Sousa, who commanded the European forces, took prisoner a beautiful Indian who had promised herself in marriage to an amiable youth. The lover was no sooner informed of this misfortune, than he hastened to throw himself at the feet of the mistress of his heart, who, with transport, caught him in her arms; their sighs and their tears were mingled, and it was some time before their words could find utterance to express their grief. At last, when they had a little recovered, they agreed, that since their misfortunes had left them no hope of living together in freedom, to partake with each other all the horrors of slavery. Sousa, who had a soul truly susceptible of tender emotions, was moved at the sight. "It is enough," said he, "that you wear the chains of love; you shall not wear those of slavery; go and be happy in the lawful embraces of wedlock." The two lovers fell on their knees; they could not persuade themselves to quit so generous a hero, and thought themselves happy in being permitted to live under the laws of a nation who so nobly knew how to make use of victory, and so generously to soften the calamities of war.

Amusements of the Carnival.—At the close of the Carnival at Rome, it was formerly the custom to carry in procession a figure of a dead Harlequin, as emblematical of the cessation of the freedom and jollity of these Saturnalia. This practice, however, is discontinued; but, at the conclusion of the horse-race, which now winds up the public exhibition of the last day of the Carnival, every person carries a taper; and the great fun seems to con-

sist in lighting your own taper at that of your neighbour's, and then blowing his out. How forcibly this practical joke reminds one of an obvious analogy in the more serious pastimes of Politics and Literature!

Singular Anecdote of a Painter.—Peter Pentemann was a good painter of still-life, but the most memorable circumstance relative to this artist, was the incident which occasioned his death. He was employed to paint a picture of an emblematical representation of mortality, expressive of the pleasures of this world, and of the shortness and misery of human life, and that he might imitate some parts of his subject with greater accuracy, he painted them in an anatomical room, where several skulls and bones lay scattered in profusion about the floor. Here he prepared to take his designs, and either from previous fatigue or the intenseness of his study, he fell asleep. This was on September 18, 1692, when an earthquake, which happened while he was dozing, roused him, and the instant he awoke he perceived the skulls rolling about the room, and the skeletons in motion! Being totally ignorant of the cause, he was struck with such horror that he immediately threw himself down stairs in the wildest desperation. His friends took all possible pains to efface the dreadful impression from his mind, explaining the true cause of the agitation of the skeletons; nevertheless his spirits received so violent a shock that he never recovered his health, but expired soon after, aged 42.

Snake Worship.—The Jacob-Bryantists believe that the devil invented snake worship, by way of commemorating his victory over Eve. They will believe anything. The snake has been a common deity, because it is a manageable one, and that in a more extraordinary manner than any other animal. A Malabar Bramin once played off a curious trick upon his flock. He raised money enough among them to make a golden snake and twelve golden eggs, which he carried to the Pagoda in solemn procession, and there deposited, telling the people that in six weeks time the snake would be vivified, hatch the eggs, and disappear with its young to become the tutelary divinities of their country. They disappeared accordingly at the time appointed, to the infinite joy of the believers.

The Dog of Pera.—The house of a Greek interpreter at Pera, in the suburbs of Constantinople, being on fire, he had saved nearly all his property by the assistance of a few Janissaries; but, more anxious, without doubt, for his money than for his family, he had forgotten an infant in its cradle. No one could enter the house, for every thing was on fire. The father, driven to despair, believed that his child had perished, when, on a sudden, a large dog which he kept to guard his dwelling, emerged from the flames, bearing the innocent little creature suspended by its linen from its mouth. They reached towards the dog to take the child; but he would not abandon it, and, eluding their efforts, he ran through a number of streets, until he reached the house of an intimate friend of his master, where he deposited the precious burden, and remained till the door was opened to receive it. Can you imagine what was the reward of this faithful servant? The owner strove to recompense him; but the mode that he devised was equally absurd, afflicting, and incredible. With a barbarous gratitude he killed the dog, and had him served up at his table at a splendid feast, which he gave on the occasion. "My dog," said the Turk, "has behaved too well to be the food of worms. Men deserve only to eat him. And as for you, (looking at his friends and relations,) you cannot but gain by it; it will render you more benevolent."

THE TRAVELLER.

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

THE
NORWEGIANS AND LAPLANDERS.

No. I.

Brooke's, in his recently published *Travels to the North Cape*, details some very interesting particulars as to the customs and manners of the people of Norway and Lapland. A foreigner (says he) is greatly surprised at the various talents of the Norwegian peasantry, and the ingenuity which they display in the manufacture of every thing requisite for the common purposes of life. Living remote from towns and villages, in their little farms scattered amid the mountains, and frequently at the distance of many miles from their nearest neighbour, necessity, the fruitful parent of invention, teaches them early the useful arts and trades, and thus renders them independent of that assistance which it is not in their power to obtain. Hence you will find the same man his own tailor, shoemaker, carpenter, joiner, and often even his own clock and watch maker. Most are very expert at carving; and the beautiful whiteness of the fir renders their talents in this way very ornamental to their cottages. The exquisite specimens of spoons and ladles, which they sometimes execute in the ancient style of carving, would serve as patterns even to our own artists and silversmiths. Without having been brought up to any of the above trades, they are notwithstanding proficient in them. They can also execute a variety of works in silver, brass, and other metals. In short, there are few things, for the purchase of which they are obliged to have recourse to the large towns; so great is their natural ingenuity, thus brought into exercise by their wants, by the scarcity of towns throughout the country, and fostered besides by the instructions and example of their parents during their long winters.

At Breiden, I soon found my landlord was a man of wealth, being possessed of several villages, and of a considerable tract of mountain land. The latter kind of property, however, may be purchased in Norway on very reasonable terms. He had seventeen children, and nearly double that number of dependants, who lived with him, and by whom he was surrounded, like a patriarch of old. With this numerous family the dirt was inconceivable; and I anxiously looked forward to the next morning, when I should be released from it. My dinner, which simply consisted of a large trout, was quickly prepared, and the fairest of his daughters selected to wait upon me. Fair as she was, with blue eyes kindly beaming, and hungry as I found myself, from having fasted so long, my appetite forsook me, when I saw the filthy deshabille, or rather state of nudity of my complaisant attendant: and when, on handing me my dinner, I discerned on her hands the cruel ravages of a certain disorder, extremely prevalent among the lower classes in Norway. I was obliged to entreat her to forbear the unnecessary trouble of waiting upon me: which hint, from not suspecting the motives, she was very backward in taking.

With the exception of the rats, which promenaded in gay parties over me while in bed, nothing farther disturbed me; and at an early hour of the morning I arose to proceed on my journey. The inmates were yet fast wrapt in the arms of sleep; and not finding my Swede, I entered a large apartment, which the evening before I had seen used as the kitchen, and was now converted into a very spacious bed-chamber. On opening the door, a scene both curious and strange to my eyes presented itself. In five or six

large beds, or rather wooden cribs, near twenty persons of both sexes, perfectly naked, were lying together in heaps; and the dark copper-coloured skins of some, contrasting with the whiteness of others, rendered the group still more extraordinary. To complete it, on the ground several large pigs were enjoying the sweets of repose, and responding with drowsy grunts to the snores of, I might almost say, their fellow swine. The singular practice, common to both sexes, of sleeping devoid of any covering, is very general in Norway. The chief reason, I apprehend, will be found in the degree of heat in which their rooms are kept, during the night as well as the day, by their stoves. This, at the same time that it renders any clothing, putting decency entirely out of the question, both unnecessary and inconvenient, enables them to save their linen. The extraordinary darkness of the colour of the skin of some of the Norwegians I can account for only by supposing it to be in consequence of the extreme severity of the weather, and their constant exposure to it at all times. It deserves, however, to be remarked, that, while the bodies of these people were literally, as I have said, of the colour of copper, their faces were, as usual, fair.

At an early hour of the morning we reached Jerkin. The place was crowded with peasants and their lasses, who had been dancing the whole of the night to the merry sound of the fiddle, and though the sun was rising, they were still enjoying their favourite Polsk dance. This is the national dance of Norway, and is performed with a degree of spirit and enthusiasm I never before witnessed. The manner of dancing it is this. Each of the men, taking his partner by the left-hand, runs round the room at a pretty sharp kind of trot, rather than step. The lady, during this, occasionally whirls round by herself, with the same kind of movement as is practised by our young ladies in the quadrille, and her partner does the same. The Polsk dance then begins, which consists in a very rapid whirl, something similar to the waltz, but the motion far more violent, and the time entirely different. It is excessively difficult to perform on account of the quickness of the whirl, and the necessity there is, nevertheless, of keeping the exact time. It is a highly amusing dance, and the eagerness with which the Norwegians hasten to join in it, when the Polsk is played, shows their extreme fondness for it.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So lone the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BACCHUS.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.

CONWAY AND COOPER

Are treading the stage at present, and attracting all the friends of the Drama. On the nights of their appearance, boxes, gallery, and pit, are thronged with eager and interested faces, and exclamations long and loud bear witness to their superior merit. They first appeared together about a fortnight ago in *Venice Preserved*; Conway in *Jaffier* and Cooper in *Pierre*. The character of Jaffier is far from being exalted: he is driven by penury into defection, then into conspiracy; and exhibits himself a double traitor, first by betraying his country, and afterwards his friend; and the cause of all this is Belvidera. It will be allowed that such a character is not calculated to arouse our sympathy, or to excite our admiration. It rests with the actor to throw an interest, a dignity, and a tenderness on the changeable and wavering Jaffier. Mr. Conway does this most admirably. He first appears before us with a sad, spirit-broken demeanour, supplicating the unrelenting Priuli;

and not succeeding, his countenance changes to the deeper and more fixed aspect of despair, when his friend approaches and awakes him from his stupor by a promise of vengeance and a hope of better times. His face brightens, his dejected attitude alters to the firm bearing of one who feels that he has been wronged, and feels too that he possesses the power of avenging himself on his wrongers. In a few moments Belvidera approaches, and his stern features relax into an expression of the deepest tenderness, and his accents are those of mingled sorrow and affection. We next see him in the midst of the conspirators, resolved to do and to dare any thing that they may require. He does not remain in this mood for a long time: Belvidera again appears, and all his resolution melts; he goes to the senate and betrays his friend. Pierre is introduced, and they are left alone. Here is admirable acting: the supplicating voice, the entreating look, the kneeling attitude, the self-reproach, the humiliation, and the affection he shows for his injured friend are inimitable. They part unreconciled; and Belvidera, she for whom he had broken his faith, stained his honour, and ruined his friend, again crosses his path. He looks upon the authoress of all his ill as the tiger at bay looks upon his hunter; his soul lashes itself into fury; he reproaches her; his features are distorted with passion and his eye rolls in anger—She supplicates in fearfulness and in tears, when in a moment he melts in fondness, clasps the trembler to his breast, in love and in forgiveness. We now come to the parting scene, where he bids her a last farewell. Of his powers in this, the sad faces and floating eyes of the spectators were the surest proofs, and the highest compliment he could receive, for it is the compliment of the heart.

Pierre is a different character: noble, brave, manly and confident; the very soul of honour and generosity, he commands the strongest admiration. It is a part admirably adapted to Cooper's fine figure, and expressive face, and was sustained by him in a masterly style. In his first interview with Jaffier, he exhibits that noble friendship which characterizes the part truly and strongly; and dwells on the oppression of the senators with mingled wrath and irony: after having stirred the spirit of Jaffier in their midnight interview, we see him walking amidst the conspirators "in shape and gesture proudly eminent," and offering them his only treasure, "his one friend." By and by the grey-headed villain Renault impeaches the honour of Jaffier; the conspirators clasp their sword-hilts and doom him to death. Here is the display of Cooper's power. His fine face fixes in resolute opposition, and his form is erect in the undaunted firmness of a hero. He stands amongst them with the air of a superior, conscious of his peril, but conscious too of a spirit which can overpower it.

When he is brought in chains before the senate, he enters with the same bold brow and gallant bearing;—he finds that it is his friend who has betrayed him; there is one burst of agonized feeling and then he is as before. In the succeeding interview with Jaffier, his look and voice strongly indicate his estranged friendship, and to the end he keeps up the stern and severe scorn with which he begins the meeting. Their reconciliation is followed by their death; and the dying laugh of Cooper, which we have heard censured, seems to us precisely in character with Pierre, and of great effect:—"We have deceived the senate," he cries, and expires with an exulting voice.

While on this subject, we cannot but express a wish that there were more tragic talent in the female part of the corps. Miss Johnson has not power enough for Belvidera, nor is tragedy her line of acting. She is excellent in come-

dy and melo-drama, in all sprightly, lively, and tender characters, and in these, most deservedly popular. But she ought never to endue herself in the "pall of gorgeous tragedy." Her slender and graceful form is much better fitted to dance in the frolic train of Thalia, than to be enwreathed in the dark veil of Melpomene. She does not misapprehend or misunderstand the tragic character, but she fails in its execution; and her features which express gaiety, vivacity, and tenderness very finely, are not capable of the strong, sublime, and energetic cast of the tragic queen.

Of Conway's Othello and Cooper's Iago we shall take occasion to speak hereafter.

J. G. B.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF ROSSINI.

On the 29th of Feb. 1792, Rossini was born at Pesaro, a pretty little town in the Papal States, on the Gulf of Venice. His father was a poor player on the French horn of the third rank; one of those perambulating symphonists, who get their living by visiting the fairs of little towns in Romagna and its neighbourhood; and forming a part of the impromptu orchestras, which are collected for the Opera of the fair. His mother, who had once been handsome, was a tolerable *seconda donna*; they went from town to town, and from company to company; the husband playing in the orchestra, the wife singing on the stage—poor, of course: and Rossini their son, covered with glory, with a name which resounded throughout Europe, faithful to the paternal poverty, had not laid by for his whole stock two years ago when he went to Vienna, a sum equal to the annual salary of one of the actresses who sing at Paris or at Lisbon. Living is cheap at Pesaro, and although his family subsisted on very uncertain means, they were never sorrowful, and above all, cared little for the future. In 1799, Rossini's parents took him to Bologna: but he did not begin to study music until 1804, when he was twelve years of age. His master was D. Angelo Tesei. In the course of a few months, the young Gioacchino earned several *paoli* by singing in the churches. His fine soprano voice and the vivacity of his youthful manners rendered him very welcome to the priests who directed the *Funzioni*. Under professor Angelo Tesei, Gioacchino was well instructed in singing, in the art of accompanying, and in the rules of counterpoint. From the year 1806 he was capable of singing any piece of music at sight, and great hopes began to be entertained of him. His handsome figure induced the idea of making a tenor of him.

In 1806 Rossini quitted Bologna to undertake a musical tour in Romagna. He presided at the piano, as leader of the orchestra at some of the smaller towns, and in 1807 entered the Lyceum at Bologna, and received lessons of music from Father Stanislao Mattei. A year subsequently, he was qualified to compose a symphony, and a cantata called *Il Piano d'Armonia*. It was his first production of vocal music. Immediately afterwards he was elected a Director of the Academy of Concordi. Being by the interest of a very amiable female sent to Venice in 1810, he there composed for the theatre San Mose, a little Opera in one act, called *La Cambiale de Matrimonio*. Returning to Bologna, in the autumn of the following year, he prepared *L'Equivoco Stravagante* for representation; and then revisiting Venice, produced for the Carnival of 1812, *L'Inganno Felice*. In every part of this Opera his genius sparkles. An experienced eye

can recognise without difficulty in it the parent ideas of fifteen or twenty capital pieces, which at a later period established the character of Rossini's *chefs-d'œuvre*. At the Carnival of Venice, in 1813, Rossini produced *Tancred*. This delightful piece was so successful, as to create a kind of musical furor. From the gondolier to the nobleman, every body was repeating: "Ti rivedrò, mi rivedrai." In the very courts of law the judges were obliged to impose silence on the persons present, who were singing the same air. The dilettanti all declared that their Cimarossa had revisited the world. This charming opera of *Tancred* made the tour of Europe in four years. In the autumn of 1812, when twenty-one years of age, Rossini was engaged at Milan. He composed for La Scala, *La Pietra del Paragone*, his *chef-d'œuvre* in the buffa style.

After all this success, Rossini revisited Pesaro and his family, to which he was passionately attached. During his absence, his sole correspondent had been his mother, his letters to whom he addressed, "To the most honoured Signora Rossini, mother of the celebrated composer, in Bologna." "Such," adds his biographer, "is the character of the man; half serious, half laughing. Happy in his genius, in the midst of the most susceptible people in Europe, intoxicated with praise from his very infancy, he is conscious of his own glory, and does not see why Rossini should not naturally, and without concession, hold the same rank as a general of division, or a minister of state. The latter has drawn a great prize in the lottery of ambition; Rossini has drawn a great prize in the lottery of nature. This phrase is his own."

The severe critics of Bologna charged Rossini with transgressing the rules of composition. He agreed with them. "I should not have so many faults to reproach myself with (said he) if I were to read my manuscript twice over. But you know that I have scarcely six weeks given me to compose an opera in. During the first month I amuse myself—and pray when would you have me amuse myself, if not at my present age and with my present success? Ought I to wait till I am old and full of spleen? The last fortnight comes, however!—every morning I write a duet, or an air, which is rehearsed in the evening. How is it possible that I can perceive an error in the accompaniments?" The accusation was repeated in Paris, by M. Berton, of the Institute, who made a comparison between Rossini and Mozart, disadvantageous to the former. This produced a very animated reply from M. de Stendhal, and a furious paper war ensued.

From Bologna, Rossini was engaged to visit all the towns in Italy where there was a theatre. He composed five or six Operas in a year, for each of which he received 800 or 1000 francs. The difficulties with which he had to struggle in combating with the caprices of the various singers, were numerous, and the relation of them by M. de Stendhal is highly entertaining. To compose was to him very easy; to listen to the rehearsals of his compositions the greatest pain. Every where the performance of a new Opera superseded for the time every other occupation on the part of the inhabitants. At the commencement of the overture a pin might be heard to drop. When it finished, the most tremendous hubbub ensued. It was either praised to the skies, or hissed without mercy. The same took place after every air. It is only in Italy that this rapturous and almost exclusive admiration of music exists.

About the year 1814 the fame of Rossini reached Naples; the inhabitants of which, with commendable self-complacency, were astonished that there should be a great composer in the world who was not a Neapolitan. Rossini engaged

to produce for the Neapolitan theatres two operas a year, for several years. The labour was immense; he performed it laughingly, and ridiculed every body; which caused him many enemies. When Rossini arrived at Naples, anxious to succeed, he applied himself to please the Prima Donna, who entirely governed the Director Barbaja. Her voice was not pathetic, but magnificent, like her person, and Rossini adopted the means of enabling her to display it with advantage. But in the following year, her voice became weaker, and the iron hand with which the king compelled the Neapolitans still to listen to her, alienated more hearts from him than any other possible act of despotism could have done. Rossini, enamoured with Mademoiselle Colbrand, but not being able to depend upon her voice, deviated more and more into German harmony, and departed more and more from true dramatic expression; being perpetually persecuted by the lady to give her such airs as she was yet capable of executing. This, we are told, was very injurious to him.

After the brilliant success of *Elizabetta*, in 1815, Rossini went to Rome, and in the Carnival of 1816 produced *Torvaldo e Dorliska*, and his *chef-d'œuvre*, the *Barbier de Seville*. He re-appeared at Naples, and produced *La Gazetta*, and afterwards *Otello*. He then went to Rome for *La Cenerentola*; and to Milan for *La Gazza ladra*. Scarcely had he returned to Naples before he produced *L'Armide*. The public wishing to mark their sense of Mademoiselle Colbrand's uncertain voice, *L'Armide* was not very successful. Piqued at this, Rossini endeavoured to obtain his object without employing the voice of Mademoiselle Colbrand. Like the Germans, he had recourse to his orchestra, and converted the accessory into the principal. The result was the *Moise*, the success of which was immense.

The latest accounts of Rossini are contained in the following extract of a letter from Paris, dated Nov. 12, 1823.—"Last night the representation of the Italian Opera was changed from *La Gazza Ladra* to the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, in compliment to Rossini, whose favourite Opera the latter is. The house was filled just before the rising of the curtain. The grand Maestro Rossini was recognised in one of the ground tier boxes, in company with M. Paer. Immediately the whole house arose; those in the front stood upon the benches and shouted "Vive Rossini," accompanied with a universal clapping of hands. After a short time the renowned composer came forward to the front of the box, and bowed lowly and repeatedly, at which the shouts and clapping redoubled, and lasted some minutes. The musicians of the orchestra were all on their tip-top good behaviour. The overture was divinely performed, and drew forth another thunder of applause. The singers surpassed themselves, excited by the presence of the great master. Between the acts Rossini was vociferously called for, and at length the curtain rose and he came forward, supported by Garcia and Grazioni. He bowed repeatedly, and was cheered and applauded to the very echo, and if possible beyond it. The song sung by Rossini, as the music lesson scene, was from his *Elizabetta*; and Garcia in reading the title, added, *Per il Giovane di Grand Genio il Maestro Rossini*, which brought forth another convulsive-tearing shout. It was, in fact, a night of triumph and real fame for Rossini."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

Wernerian Society of Edinburgh.

At a late meeting of this Society a paper was submitted to their notice "on

the conversion of the larva of a working bee into a queen-bee," by the Rev. Mr. Dunbar, of Applegarth. Mr. Dunbar states, that he noticed the operations of a hive on the loss of a queen; for the first day all was noise and confusion, when the loss was discovered. After this had a little subsided, in consequence of the loss being ascertained, the bees, to avoid a state of anarchy, laid the foundation of five royal cells, and of four more the next day, and placed the larva of (what is supposed to be) working bees in them. At the end of fourteen days, a new queen issued forth from one of the cells, and with an instinct equalling Turkish wisdom and policy, proceeded immediately to tear open the other royal cells, no doubt with the determination of destroying what was likely to produce a rival to her power. The working bees rebelled against this unconstitutional exercise of authority, and pulled her Majesty away from her job. They succeeded in protecting the junior branches of the royal family, and were soon after rewarded for their loyalty by the birth of a princess. But it was of no avail; for the Czarina, who had, as it should seem, a preferable claim, in virtue of the priority of her birth, killed her fair and unfortunate rival. Mr. Dunbar, in corroboration of the above fact of the formation of an artificial queen, narrates an instance of its having been done by an artificial swarm also. A number of bees (not an uncommon circumstance) depended, in a large cluster, from the door of the hive; he suddenly removed the hive from their sight, and placed another in its room, containing empty cells, having previously taken the precaution of putting into it about three inches square of fresh honey-comb containing larvæ and honey, and the astonishment of the bees was very great when they entered the new hive, and missed their rich stores and their beloved monarch, the fair and stately queen; they bustled about in every direction, but the next day, finding that the royal family had removed, and had taken away the treasury, they began to lay the foundation of royal cells, and in the course of time made to themselves a new queen. Mr. Dunbar has repeated this latter experiment with great success.

A most beautiful and singular experiment was then shown to the society. A small lump of platinum, which had been granulated by having been dissolved, precipitated, roasted, and triturated, was placed on a table; a bladder of hydrogen gas, to which was fixed a glass pipe with a very minute aperture, something like a blow-pipe, was produced. On applying the pipe in such a situation as, when the bladder should be pressed, a stream of the gas would be directed on the platinum, a brilliant and instant flame arose, which continued as long as the stream of gas was supplied. This appears to us to be the most simple, the most beautiful, and the most elegant (providing another receiver for the gas, in lieu of the bladder) mode of obtaining a sudden light hitherto invented. It may be so arranged, that upon pulling a string, a light will instantly follow, which will be extinguished as soon as the string is relinquished. The advantages of such a light for a chamber, at night, are obvious, and we cannot doubt but that something of this kind will be very soon adopted. The purpose of such a means of obtaining instantaneous light may be applied as innumerable. It is a little remarkable, that the lightest and heaviest substances known should be brought together in this experiment.

ANATOMY OF THE EARTH.

The last number of the Edinburgh Review in noticing the Rev. W. Buckland's "Geology of the Deluge," refers to a work entitled "the Anatomy of the

Earth," published in 1894, as illustrative of one of the numerous fanciful hypotheses of geologists, and from which, it might be supposed that Mr. Symmes had borrowed his theory of the Earth's cavity. The author says, "that matter at first consisted of innumerable particles, of divers figures and different qualities running a reel in dark confusion, till the world, by the infusion of a vital spirit, became a great animal, having skin, flesh, blood," &c. and he has given a chapter upon each of these divisions of his subject. The eighth chapter, containing a description "of the belly of the earth" and what it may be supposed to contain, with an inquiry into the causes of earthquakes, makes rather a curious approach to certain modern theories. After stating that riches and metals are not "dugged from the innermost viscera terra," and that the works of miners are scratches rather in the skin of the earth, than "wounds in her bowels;" the writer adds, that the state of things is such, "as must unavoidably incline us to believe, that in the middle of the earth there is a vast cavity or hollow, of a regular multangular figure, wherein we suppose the mighty space to be filled up with a crude and undigested matter, endued with several different and contrary qualities, which are in a continual struggle and contention among themselves. Above these, we have the crust or fleshy part of the earth, made up of the several leaves or foldings of stone, minerals, &c. together with the dykes and rakes, (or sinews and other ligaments.) Now, when, in the intestine war below, the airy particles prevail, they break through the joints of the earth in hurricanes, and when (on the contrary) the fiery particles are predominant, they force their passage the same way, causing thereby flaming eruptions and earthquakes; sometimes with that violence as to break the very ribs of the earth, swallowing up houses and towns. And these convulsions are as natural to the earth as fevers, agues, and other distempers are to the bodies of other animals."

SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

Signs of Rain from Birds.—Sea and fresh water-fowls, such as cormorants, sea-gulls, moor-hens, &c. flying from sea, or the fresh waters to land, show bad weather at hand: land fowls flying to waters, and those shaking, washing, and noisy, especially in the evening, denote the same; geese, ducks, coots, &c. picking, washing, and noisy: rooks and crows in flocks, and suddenly disappearing; pyes and jays in flocks, and very noisy; the raven or hooded crow crying in the morning, with an interruption in its notes, or crows being very clamorous at evening; the heron, bittern, and swallow, flying low; birds forsaking their food and flying to their nests; poultry going to roost, or pigeons to their dove-house; small birds seeming to duck, and wash in the sand; the late and early crowing of the cock, and clapping his wings; the early singing of wood-larks; the early chirping of sparrows; the early note of the chaffinch near houses; the dull appearance of robin-red-breasts near houses; peacocks and owls unusually clamorous.

Of Winds from Birds.—Sea and fresh water fowls gathering in flocks to the banks, and there sporting, especially in the morning; wild geese flying high, and in flocks, and directing their course eastward; coots restless and clamorous; the hoopoe loud in his note: the king's-fisher taking to land; rooks darting and shooting in the air, or sporting on the banks of fresh waters; and lastly, the appearance of the malefig at sea, is a certain forerunner of violent winds, and (early in the morning) denotes horrible tempests at land.

Of Fair Weather, from Birds.—Hal-

cyons, sea-ducks, &c. leaving the land, and flocking to the sea, kites, herons, bitterns, and swallows flying high, and loud in their notes; lapwings restless and clamorous; sparrows, after sunrise, restless and noisy; ravens, hawks, and kestrels, (in the morning) loud in their notes; robin-red-breast mounted high, and loud in his song; larks soaring high and loud in their songs; owls hooting with an easy and clear note; bats appearing early in the evening.

Of Rain, from Beasts.—Asses braying more frequently than usual; hogs playing, scattering their food, or carrying straw in their mouths; oxen snuffing the air, looking to the south, while lying on their right sides, or licking their hoofs; cattle gasping for air at noon; calves running violently and gamboling; deer, sheep, or goats, leaping, fighting, or pushing; cats washing their face and ears; dogs eagerly scraping up earth; foxes barking; rats and mice more restless than usual; a grumbling noise in the belly of hounds.

Of Rain from Insects.—Worms crawling out of the earth in great abundance; spiders falling from their webs; flies dull and restless; ants hastening to their nests; bees hastening home, and keeping close in their hives; frogs drawing nigh to houses, and croaking from ditches; gnats singing more than usual; but if gnats play in the open air, or if hornets, wasps, and glow-worms appear plentifully in the evening, or if spiders' webs are seen in the air, or on the grass: all these denote fair and warm weather at hand.

Of Rain, from the Sun.—Sun rising dim or waterish; rising red with blackish beams mixed along with his rays; rising in a musty or muddy colour; rising red and turning blackish; setting under a thick cloud; setting with a red sky in the east.

Sudden rains never last long; but when the air grows thick by degrees, and the sun, moon, and stars shine dimmer and dimmer, then it is like to rain six hours usually.

Of Wind, from the Sun.—Sun rising pale and setting red, with an iris; rising large in surface; rising with a red sky in the north; setting of a blood-colour; setting pale, with one or more dark circles, or accompanied with red streaks; seeming concave or hollow; seeming divided, great storms; parhelia, or mock suns, never appear, but are followed by tempest.

Of Fair Weather, from the Sun.—Sun rising clear, having set clear the night before; rising while the clouds about him are driving to the west; rising with an iris around him, and that iris wearing away equally on all sides, then expect fair and settled weather; rising clear and not hot; setting in red clouds, according to the old observation:

The evening red and morning gray
Are the sure signs of a fair day.

CURIOSITIES FOR THE INGENIOUS. No. VI.

Effect of War on the Weather.—A very singular work was published some years since at Leignitz, in Silesia, entitled "Aphorisms respecting the Influence of War on the Atmosphere, Weather, and Fertility of the Earth." Among the author's observations are the following:—If a cubic foot of gunpowder, when it explodes, exercise a force equal to twenty-nine millions of pounds, it by these means produces a great change in the elasticity of the air; the whole mass of the atmosphere within a large circumference is violently torn, and billows of air are produced, which roll themselves upwards and agitate the vapours contained in them. It cannot therefore be denied, that the discharging of fire-arms and cannon during battles and sieges, and even at

great reviews, must have an influence on the atmosphere and on the state of the clouds and weather. The author quotes instances, in the time of the seven years war, of clouds and vapours being dispersed by the explosions of the cannon, and asserts that during his travels through the Tyrol, he saw on several occasions, to use his own expression, the clouds "shot dead." He observed in the neighbourhood of Leignitz, while the regiment of Wartenleben were going through their exercise, that the clouds were broken by the explosions, and that the murmuring of the wind and the agitation of the leaves of the trees and small feathers suspended from any body, were sometimes stronger, sometimes weaker, according as the troops fired by battalions or companies. The barometer rose and fell at each explosion, and water in a vessel at the distance of five hundred paces was violently agitated. There have been instances of the noise of heavy cannonades being heard at the distance of more than forty miles. It is natural to suppose, too, that the thunder of cannon must penetrate even the interior parts of the earth, and to the bottom of the sea; and the Dutch fishers have, accordingly, remarked that every great naval engagement had the effect of frightening the fish far away from the scene of action, near which none were to be met with for a long time after. The author endeavours from these principles to account for certain singularities which prevailed in the weather in some parts of Germany, in the year 1797, and to shew that the quantity of gunpowder fired in time of war may have a sensible effect on the fertility of gardens and fields.

Hair.—From numerous experiments, M. Vauquelin infers, that black hair is formed of nine different substances, namely: 1. An animal matter, which constitutes the greater part. 2. A white concrete oil in small quantity. 3. Another oil of a greyish green colour, more abundant than the former. 4. Iron, the state of which in the hair is uncertain. 5. A few particles of oxide of manganese. 6. Phosphate of lime. 7. Carbonate of lime in very small quantity. 8. Silica, in a conspicuous quantity. 9. Lastly, a considerable quantity of sulphur.—The same experiments shew, that red hair differs from black only in containing a red oil instead of a blackish green oil; and that white hair differs from both these only in the oil being nearly colourless, and in containing phosphate of magnesia, which is not found in them.

Mean Temperature of the Earth.—The temperature of the latter end of April is observed, at least in the temperate zone, to be nearly the mean temperature of the year. From that time the heat increases, and is at its maximum about the 21st of July; it goes on decreasing from that time till it comes to the mean in the end of October, and it passes from thence to the greatest cold about the 21st of January. As we go eastward from the shores of the Atlantic, the mean temperature of any parallel becomes lower, at a rate that may perhaps, for the north part of the temperate zone, be estimated at a degree for 150 miles. At St. Petersburg, lat. 59° 56', about 750 miles from what may be accounted the shores of the Atlantic, the temperature is 5° 5' below the standard. The medium temperature of January is no more than 10°. By computation from the formula above, it ought to be greater than 32°. The winter lasts from October to April, and the cold is sometimes as great as the freezing point of mercury, or—39°. From a mean of several years, the mean of the winter cold is—25°.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Prairie Wolf.—Mr. James says, in his "expedition to the Karhy Moun-

tains," that the bark of this animal is more like that of the domestic dog than any other animal. It could not be distinguished at first from a small terrier, but these notes were succeeded by a lengthened scream. The intelligence of this animal is truly wonderful. Mr. Peale constructed and tried several kinds of traps to take them, one of which was of the description called 'a live trap,' a shallow box reversed, and supported at one end by the well-known kind of trap-stick, usually called the 'figure of four,' which elevated the front of the trap upwards of three feet above its slab flooring; the trap was about six feet long, and nearly the same in breadth, and was plentifully baited with oil. Notwithstanding this arrangement, a wolf actually burrowed under the flooring, and pulled down the bait through the crevices of the floor; tracks of different sizes were observed about the trap. This procedure would seem to be the result of a faculty beyond instinct. This trap proving useless, another was constructed in a different part of the country, formed like a large cage, but with a small entrance on the top, through which the animal might enter, but not return: this was equally unsuccessful: the wolves attempted in vain to get at the bait, as they would not enter by the route prepared for them. A large double steel trap was next tried; this was profusely baited, and the whole, with the exception of the bait, was carefully concealed beneath the fallen leaves. This was also unsuccessful. Tracks of the anticipated victims were next day observed to be impressed in numbers on the earth, near the spot, but still the trap, with its seductive charge, remained untouched. The bait was then removed from the trap, and suspended over it from a branch of a tree; several pieces of meat were also suspended in a similar manner from trees in the vicinity; the following morning the bait over the trap alone remained. Supposing that their exquisite sense of smell warned them of the position of the trap, it was removed and again covered with leaves, and the baits being disposed as before, the leaves to a considerable distance around were burnt, and the trap remained perfectly concealed by the ashes; still the bait over the trap was avoided. Only once this trap was sprung, and had fastened for a short time upon the foot of a species, which was shot the following day at no great distance; it proved to be a species distinct from the prairie wolf. In no respect disheartened by these futile attempts many times repeated, and varied in every obvious manner, another scheme was executed which was attended with complete success. This was the log trap, in which one log is elevated above another at one end by means of an upright stick, which rests upon a rounded horizontal trigger-stick, on the inferior log.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Animal Remains.—A very handsome donation has been made to the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, by Sir James Graham, Bart. of Netherby. It consists of the skull of an elephant, with the jawbones, teeth, &c. complete, and of immense size, nearly twice as large as those we are accustomed to see in menageries at the present day. We understand it was dug out of Solway Moss, and may justly be considered a most magnificent specimen of the enormous bulk of the animal in former ages. Several skeletons of the walrus and other animals, obtained in the recent attempt to discover the Northwest passage, have been sent to the Royal College of Surgeons, to be placed in their Museum of Natural History.

Ancient Sepulchre.—At Wolvesley Castle, Winchester, there was recently dis-

covered among the ruins, a spacious square vault, with fifty highly preserved and beautifully carved pillars. In one place was found a thick brass box, containing coins; three of which were gold, of Canute's, and other silver, much corroded. Copper coins were also found scattered in corners; six of these are ascertained to be Saxon. Another object of great interest was a female skeleton on the pavement.

Siamese Curiosities.—Calcutta, May 10.—We understand that Captain M'Donnel has brought from Siam a most valuable and rare collection of curiosities; among which is a band of music, containing every instrument used by the people of that country, and presented to him by the young Prince Chow Fa, all of which, with a small state boat, 50 feet long, are now in the possession of Sir Stamford Raffles. Captain M'Donnel has procured a number of sacred and other Siamese books, which, we trust, may throw a light upon the history of a nation so little known to Europeans; and we look forward with impatience to the period when Sir Stamford will gratify the literary world with their translation.

Fire-proof and water-proof Cement.—To half a pint of milk put an equal quantity of vinegar, in order to curdle it; then separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the whites of four or five eggs, beating the whole well together. When it is well mixed, add a little quick lime, through a sieve, until it has acquired the consistence of a thick paste. With this cement broken vessels and cracks of all kinds may be mended. It dries quickly, and resists the action of fire and water.

Potato Brandy.—Throughout France, but more particularly in the neighbourhood of Paris, there have been lately a number of distilleries erected for the purpose of manufacturing brandy from potatoes. The liquor produced, and which the French call potato brandy, is said to be very inferior to that distilled from the grape.

Mechanics.—A machine to be worked without horses, is building by Mr. Rogers, coach-maker, of Plymouth, Eng. under the direction of M. Chabert, to travel to London in three hours less than the mail.

Safety-Lamp.—Mr. John Rastrick, of Morpeth, civil engineer, has invented a safety-lamp for coal mines, which he considers superior in security to the Davy.

Imitation Leghorns.—The London Society for the encouragement of Arts and Manufactures have offered a silver medal, or fifteen guineas, to the person who shall produce, on or before the first Tuesday in March, 1824, a hat or bonnet, made from the indigenous British grass, that shall be equally good, in texture and colour, as those imported from Leghorn.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.
MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

BALANCE OF THE POETS.

Among the manuscript papers of the deceased Dr. Calder, a curious paper was found, and has been given at length in the London Literary Journal, entitled "Balance of the Poets," in which Dr. C. following the plan of M. De Piles in his Treatise on the Art of Painting, fixes the degree of Poetical perfection, which has never been attained, at the twentieth; that of the nineteenth as the highest of which the human mind has any compre-

hension; and the eighteenth as that to which the greatest poets have actually attained. On this principle he makes nine columns of his chief articles or parts of poetry, and opposite to the names of the most celebrated poets, writes their several degrees of perfection in each article. We have annexed the table to this article, exhibiting this fanciful arrangement.

The first column is *Composition*; of which there are two kinds in poetry; one belonging to the general plan or structure of the work, and the object of the cool judgment of the writer; the other relating to the most striking situations, and the most moving incidents; and though these are strictly connected in the truth and in the principles of the art, yet, in fact, we see them frequently disjointed; they depend, indeed, on different powers of the mind. Sir Richard Blackmore had more of the former than Shakspeare, who had more of the latter than any poet that ever lived. The one is called *critical ordonnance*, the other, *pathetic ordonnance*; making the two first columns of the "Balance."

The next article answers to what painters call *Expression*. Painting represents only a single instant of time, and consequently merely expresses a present passion, without giving any idea of the general character or turn of mind; while poetry expresses this part as well as the other, and the same poet is not equally excellent in both. Homer far surpasses Virgil in the general delineations of characters and manners; but there are in Virgil some expressions of particular passions, greatly superior to any in Homer. This head is therefore divided into *Dramatic Expression*, and *Incidental Expression*.

The *Truth of Taste* forms the next article. This might admit of several subdivisions, for some poets are excellent for the grandeur of their taste, others for its beauty, and others for a kind of neatness; but Dr. C. has ranged them under the same head in reference to our greatest poets, because there can be no greatness without justness of taste.

Poetical Colouring forms the sixth column of the "Balance." This he considers to be such a general choice of words, such an order of grammatical construction, and such a movement and turn of the verse, as is most favourable to the poet's intention, distinct from the ideas which those words convey. It is impossible to read Virgil or Milton, without recollecting many words which, taken singly, excite every similar idea, but which have very different effects according to their situation and connexion in a period.

The greatest merit of *Versification* being provided for in the last article, it was at first intended by Dr. Calder not to notice it in the "Balance;" but as its entire omission might seem strange to many, he has allotted it the seventh column, as far as it relates to the mere harmony of sound.

The eighth article belongs to the *Moral* of the several poets, or to the truth and merit of the sentiments which they express, or the dispositions which they inculcate, with respect to religion, civil society, or private life.

The ninth and last column contains an *Estimate of the comparative value and eminence of the poets*. This Dr. Calder considered the more necessary in the present scheme, as some of the articles, particularly that of ordonnance, are applied equally to every species of poetry; so that a satirist will be rated as high in that article as an epic poet, provided his ordonnance be as perfect for satire as that of the other is for heroic poetry. Justice to the manners of those who excel, requires that we should acknowledge their pre-eminence, after having thus set their inferiors on a level with them in particular parts.

THE BALANCE OF THE POETS.

	Critical Ordonnance.	Pathetic Ordonnance.	Dramatic Expression.	Incidental Expression.	Taste.	Colouring.	Versification.	Moral.	Final Estimate.
Ariosto	15	10	15	14	15	16	10	13	
Boileau	18	16	12	14	17	14	13	16	12
Cervantes	17	17	15	17	12	16	—	16	14
Cornello	15	16	16	16	16	14	12	16	14
Dante	12	15	8	17	12	15	14	14	13
Euripides	15	16	14	17	13	14	—	15	12
Homer	18	17	18	15	16	16	18	17	18
Horace	12	12	10	16	17	17	16	14	13
Lucretius	14	5	—	17	17	14	16	—	10
Milton	17	15	15	17	18	18	17	18	17
Molière	15	17	17	17	15	16	—	16	14
Pindar	10	10	—	17	17	16	—	17	13
Pope	16	17	12	17	16	15	15	17	13
Racine	17	16	15	15	17	13	12	15	13
Shakspeare	—	18	18	18	10	17	10	18	18
Sophocles	18	16	15	15	16	14	—	16	13
Spencer	8	15	10	16	17	17	17	17	14
Tasso	17	14	14	13	12	13	16	13	12
Terence	18	12	10	12	17	14	—	16	10
Virgil	17	16	10	17	18	17	17	17	16

CORRESPONDENCE.

A STRICKEN DEER.

"In solitary groves he makes his moan."

"She loves me not, she loves me not!" he cried,
 "And anguish shew'd itself in every feature."
 "And often he would wander out alone,
 "And with his heaving sigh and loud lament,
 "Would move the solitary Queen of night."

Ans.

"Alas, poor Hendrick!" I fear this passion will be the death of him. I have attempted to reason with him, but I might as well attempt to argue with the north wind. His heart is brimful of love, and, to tell the truth, I pity poor Hendrick. His soul is as pure as when it came from heaven, and he is as guileless as a child of nature himself. But his temperament is ardent, his sentiments of gallantry are carried to an extreme almost bordering on extravagance, and, pierced by the random glances of some gifted fair one, he is as miserable as a wretch condemned to the galleys.

Hendrick, every Sunday afternoon, saunters down Broadway, to feed his sight upon his dear one's features. When he spies her at a distance, stately and fair as the fawn, his heart beats with accelerated rapidity and force, and not until she has fairly disappeared in the portals of the church, does Hendrick recover his wonted serenity. He then returns to his home, framing visionary schemes of felicity, and beguiling the time by recollections of her who has robbed him of repose. I have ridiculed a passion thus extravagantly romantic; but I found that I was only heaping flax upon the flame. I told him his love was vain; that he was cherishing a passion destined to consume him. But with enthusiasm he replied—"Shall I hate her because she cannot be mine? Is she less to be loved, because I, alas! cannot hold her to my heart?" "Pshaw, Hendrick," said I, "this is madness. Forget the girl and you will be happy yet." "Tis impossible!" he murmured with a sigh which seemed to burst his heart; "Reginald, I cannot forget her! Her eyes had the expression of a softness that bewitched, and of a sadness that touched me. I can never forget them—Those eyes I will remember till I am cold in the grave!"

Thus is Hendrick's time consumed in lamentations, or in musing on the girl that he so devotedly loves. One evening, his uncle Gottlieb, a bachelor turned of forty, began to jest with Hendrick about his foolish love for this strange Mam'selle. "Why Hendrick," said the old bachelor, whose sterile heart never knew an emotion that resembled tenderness—"Why Hendrick, it is folly. The girl cannot be yours. It is all in vain. You may sigh and moan, and all that, but the girl will never be yours! Now Hendrick," he added, clapping the young man on the shoulder with great good humour, "give up this folly, and think

of somebody else. There's the young heiress over the way—to be sure, she's not so handsome, but"—cried the old fellow, whispering with a titter in Hendrick's ear—"she's got money boy,—there's gold for you!"

Hendrick looked fiercely at his uncle, and spoke with unwonted vehemence—"Do you mean, sir, to insult me? Forbear, or I shall forget your age." "Well, well, young man," said Gottlieb in a pet, "you will not take advice, so follow your own way. You may go and tell your love to the winds, or whistle to your mistress in the woods, and I shall say nothing to you more. You are an incorrigible young man!" he added, "and I shall alter my will!" He left the room, and I laughed heartily till my old evil genius, the asthma, put a stop to my mirth.

When I see Hendrick, with impassioned feeling, dwelling upon the image of a girl who cares not for him—when I see him with ardent tenderness, doating upon one, who I fear will never be his, I confess I lament that he has that delicate sensibility which has always distinguished his character, and which in a world like this is the most terrible enemy that a man can know. It is that which makes Hendrick thus miserable—it is that which unfits him for ordinary affairs—it is that, alas! which will carry him to his grave! Fitter he is to dwell in conventual seclusion, or to live sequestered in the solitude of the wilds, where his soul can be feasted with the music of birds, the rush of the waterfall, or the soothing whispers of the zephyr, than to live amongst men who have not a trait in common with him; who view an ardent but disinterested passion as the consummation of folly, and look upon the ingenuous mind of Hendrick, as the mind of a dreaming visionary.

"Alas! poor Hendrick!" what a wreck has love made of your once happy heart! From the bottom of my soul I pity you, Hendrick! He forgets his studies—he neglects his affairs, and doats with extravagant fondness on the image of his mistress. Pshaw! if he would but determine to root it out, he would yet be happy; but he will not forget her—he is a love case absolutely confirmed.

"Reginald," said Hendrick to me one day after we had together been taking a walk, and had seen this beauty of his—"Reginald, would not a hermit himself love a creature like her? What sweetness in her countenance—what grace in her motion—and what a volume of expression is poured from her eye! She surpasses the creations of a poet's fancy." "Why Hendrick, you are on your Pegasus this morning; you will excuse me if I cannot mount with you, my friend. She is not ugly; but still there is nothing wonderful in her form or her features that I can discover. What nonsense, this infatuation of yours!" "Call it nonsense if you will, but I shall never be changed. It is vain to reason, Reginald,—I shall love her for ever!" As we turned round, we saw his *doncella* again, and when she met Hendrick's eyes, what Sterne calls "a blush of joy" overspread his cheeks. But soon she disappeared, and his face resumed its ordinary hue of white.

It is rumoured that the nuptials of Hendrick's well beloved, will take place before the winter is over, and he, as may be supposed, has drooped into a settled melancholy. He rarely enjoys any lively pleasures—he broods in his study, and I have often found in his portfolio, the emanations of a mind in a state of confirmed dejection. Sometimes I find a scrap on which is a lament, warm from the breast; sometimes I find a broken stanza traced by Hendrick's hand, in which are the breathings of absolute despair. (Hendrick from my soul I pity you!) The arrow that rankles in his bosom, has been too fiercely barbed, ever to be extracted. He carries a consuming poison about him, and ere long I ex-

pect I shall be summoned to follow his corse to the charnel house. Agonizing thought! must I survive you, Hendrick? It will be worse than death—but I shall mourn for you—I shall wash your grave-stone with the bitterest tears!

I will be alone, if you leave me, Hendrick—altogether alone!—my dear, my only friend! But I will sigh where your ashes repose, and converse with your hovering ghost! And when I too, die, Hendrick—(may it be soon, after thou hast flown from me, my friend!) we will be buried together in a common grave! We shall not then be alone, my friend—shall we, Hendrick?

REGINALD FAULCONBRIDGE.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 46 Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Inconstant*; a Tale of the Drama.

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Norwegians and Laplanders*. No. II

THE DRAMA.—*New-York Theatre, Conway and Cooper*.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Sketch of Laurence Earnshaw*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Chubb's Patent Detector Lock. On Acupuncture*. By James M. Churchill, Esq.—*On the Ignition of Platina by Hydrogen Gas*. By Mr. A. Garden.—*Scientific Notices from Foreign Journals—Curiosities for the Ingenious*, No. 7.—*Natural History*.

LITERATURE.—*Song of Morva the Persian*.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Colloflexion; or Twelve choice specimens of the Art of Bowing in London*.

POETRY.—*Woman's Eyes*, by "Marion."—*Song*, by "P. L. T." with other pieces.

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We cannot oblige "Henry" by publishing his "Fragment."

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!

Mr. Timothy Dewey, Agent for the Gas Light Company in this city, has returned from his trip to Europe, where he was sent by the Directors, to obtain information relative to the state of, and the progress made in the Gas establishments there, and we understand the result has been highly satisfactory.

The theatrical prize offered at Boston, and that offered at New-Orleans, have been awarded to two Bostonians; the former to Mr. Charles Sprague, and the latter to Mr. Thomas Wells.

It is said that \$100,000 worth of pure gold has been found in North-Carolina, the greater part of which has been sent to the mint at Philadelphia.

The thermometer at Burlington, Vt. on Thursday last week, stood at 23° below zero at sunrise, and at 9 o'clock, about 18°. The air was perfectly still and serene.

WASHINGTON IRVING, now at Paris, is engaged on several important works, which will prevent his visiting his native country for a length of time. He entertains the warmest recollections of his friends on this side the Atlantic.

Mr. Perkins is stated to have invented a steam engine to go in the long boat of an Indian, and to take up but little room, that will tow her three miles an hour in a calm, and which will be in operation next summer. He is also said to have completed the most difficult part of the so much talked of steam machinery, that of returning the steam, and that it will require so little fuel to keep the steam up, that he is at present afraid to mention the minimum.

MARRIED.

Mr. James V. E. Morris, Esq. to Miss Catharine C. Post.

Mr. Samuel P. Hart to Miss Hannah I. Burris.

Mr. Darius Chapman to Miss Millicent Osborn.

Mr. Edward W. Johnston to Miss Marie Antoinette Estelle Costar.

Mr. Jonathan G. Tompkins to Miss Dorothea S. Peterson.

Mr. Medad Platt to Ann-Eliza Gauts.

DIED.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jansen, aged 71 years.

Mrs. Sophia Richardson, aged 56 years.

Mr. John R. Riker.

Miss Jane Bennett, aged 25 years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fassner, aged 66 years.

Mrs. Rebecca Scull, aged 70 years.

Mr. George F. Phyfer, aged 73 years.

Mr. William Bunn, aged 47 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to bellow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

A WIDOWER'S RESOLVE.

"We have studied woman's heart,
We have sunned us in her smile,
We have burst her bonds apart.
For we found her vain and vile."—FLORENCE.

Could woman's smile, as lovers say,
Change earth to heaven, and night to day,—
Or if her smile, (as heaven's light
Irradiates the face of night,)
Could o'er my brow of sadness raise
The cloudless sky of former days,—
Then would I take some seraph form,
A bow of promise in the storm,
And in my night of sorrow be
As blest on earth as man can be.

But no—the wild delusive song
Of love has whispered that too long;
And if I trust that smile again,
And step once more in love's domain,
Let deeper sadness wring my brow
Than that, alas! which clouds it now.
Yes, if I kneel at woman's shrine,
Be all her freaks and frailties mine;
Let all my tears stream o'er again,
With sighs that break the heart in twain.

Is there a heart from woman free,
And love's delicious slavery,
That sigheth yet for woman's kiss,
And that mistaken time of bliss?
O let him taste that slavery,
And be as damned as he can be—
O let him drink that fatal draught
Which yieldeth misery when quaff'd;
And quench his thirst for ecstasies
In that bliss which, when tasted, dies.

But I will tread alone the road
That leadeth to the dark abode,
To which the best and happiest,
With all the world, are treading fast;—
When we can gaze on ev'ry scene,
And change the fading for the green—
When we can range from bower to bower,
And taste not one but ev'ry flower,
And ev'ry brook beneath the sun—
What fool would be confined to one?

Feb. 2, 1824.

MARION.

For the Minerva.

LYRIC MONODIES.

He woo'd her in her forest bower,
Herself the fairest, sweetest flower,
He saw her blithe, and wild as they
That warble in the sunny ray—
He went? and oh! how changed that eye;
Her very smile was mockery;
So wild, so vacant was its gleam,
As the life fled the lingering beam,
And but for that faint hectic glow
That flushed upon her cheek of snow;
So wild, so sad, so still her air,
You saw that death was hovering there—
'Twas beauty striving with decay,
It told of hopes long passed away.

Her tale was short and sadly told,
Ere her lips were fix'd and cold;
"Oh I have wended lone and sad,
Where icy snow the rocks have clad;
My robe in wet sea spray I wrung,
My hair locks in a tempest flung;
I felt cold nature's ruined state,
I gazed where all was desolate,
But oh! that cold and inward dread
For blighted hope and beauty dead;
For hopeless love deferr'd too long,
I wailed in many a bitter song;
And feel the flush and pale decay,
Together on my cold cheek play."

Cold is now that heart of feeling,
Where the icy worm is stealing.

MINGUILLIO.

Since, for kissing thee, Minguillo,
My mother scolds me all the day,
Let me have it quickly, darling!
Give me back my kiss, I pray.

If we have done aught amiss,
Let's undo it while we may,
Quickly give me back the kiss,
That she may have nought to say.

Do—the keeps so great a pother,
Chides so sharply, looks so grave;
Do, my love, to please my mother,
Give me back the kiss I gave.

Out upon you, false Minguillo!
One you give, but two you take;
Give me back the two, my darling!
Give them, for my mother's sake.

A RURAL DIALOGUE.

"Why are you wandering here, I pray?"
An old man ask'd a maid one day;
"Looking for poppies so bright and red,
Father," said she, "I am hither led."

"Fie, fie!"

She heard him cry.

"Poppies, 'tis known to all who rove,
Grow in the fields, and not in the grove."

"Tell me again," the old man said,
"Why are you loitering here, sweet maid?"
"The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear,
Father," said she, "I'm come to hear."

"Fie, fie!"

She heard him cry!

"Nightingales all—so people say—
Warble by night, and not by day."

The sage look'd grave, the maiden shy,
When Lubin jump'd over the stile hard by;
The sage look'd graver, the maid more glum,
Lubin he twiddl'd his finger and thumb.

"Fie, fie!"

The old man's cry.

"Poppies like this I own are rare,
And of such nightingales' songs beware!"

THE TRYSTIN' TREE.

When winds are still, and silent eve
Comes stealing slowly o'er the lea;
O then, dear maid, thy cottage leave,
And meet me at the trystin' tree:
Far 'neath its shade, in times gone by,
Have lovers breathed their hopes and fears:
Its leaves have trembled in their sigh,
Its roots have fed upon their tears.

And fear not, though the star of night
In envy should forget to shine;
Perchance the wand'ring glowworm's light
May lead thee to these arms of mine:
But, if no light from earth or sky,
To guide a lover's path you see;
Then use the lustre of thine eye,
And bright as noon the eve will be.

When thou art there, far, far away
Shall each unruly passion flee,
And Tiviot's stream will ling'ring stay
To hear my vows of love to thee.
The winds are still, and silent eve
Comes stealing slowly o'er the lea,
O now, dear maid, thy cottage leave
And meet me at the trystin' tree.

THE MORNING IN THE COUNTRY:

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SEASONS.

When from the op'ning chambers of the east,
The morning springs in thousand liv'ries drest,
The early lark his morning tributes pay,
And in shrill notes salutes the blooming day;
Refreshed fields with pearly dew drops shine,
And tender sprigs wherewith their tops incline;
Their painted leaves the uublowa flowers expand,
And with their od'rous breath perfume the land;
The crowing cock and chatt'ring hen awakes
Dull sleepy clowns, who know the morning breaks;
The herd his plaid around his shoulder throws,
Grasps his dear crook, calls on his dog, and goes;
Around the fold he walks with careful pace,
And fallen clouds sets in their wonted place;
Then opens the door, unfolds his fleecy care,
And gladly sees them crop their morning fare,
Down upon easy moss himself he lays,
And sings some charming shepherd's praise.

TO A LINNET,

On liberating it from a Trap-Cage.

O haste thee, sweet linnet, O haste thee away,
O haste thee away, to the regions above,
And oft may you bask in the sweet sunny ray,
And plaintively warble the tale of thy love.

When Winter's dull weather shall darken the scene,
And the groves shall re-echo the thunder of man,
Then harbour with me 'till the trees become green,
And in comfort forget all the dangers you ran.

Then haste thee away at the call of thy mate,
Who is anxiously chirping on yonder green spray,
Oh! fly to her comfort 'ere yet 'tis too late,
O haste thee, sweet linnet, O haste thee away.

FELIX FARLEY.

On a Picture of Modesty, by Guido.

The blushing cheek, the chin that seeks to rest
On the soft surface of the rising breast;
The lip where love's delicious accents glow,
While modest fear forbids the voice to flow;
As when the red ripe cherry's bursting skin
Reveals the purple pulp that glows within,
The luscious drop half issuing from its side
Hangs on the edge and seems afraid to glide;
The downcast eye where love and virtue shine,
The smile of innocence, the mien benign;
These are the outward signs of inward grace,
Whose charms nor grief nor sickness can efface.
Which, once like seal of talisman impress,
No earthly change can loosen from the breast;
Nor hoary age with wintry touch decay,
Nor death from mem'ry's tablets blot away.

TO THE SULIOTS.

Remember the days that are past,
When ye fought on your mountains alone,
And your brethren of Greece in their bondage were cast
At the foot of the Ottoman Throne:
Remember those days when ye rush'd to the shock
Of the battle below—like the stream from the rock.

When virtue and glory seem'd gone,
Ye sought, with the eagles on high,
The rocks where the last beams of freedom still shone,
Where the last of her martyrs might die;
And the poets of Greece in far ages shall tell
How ye could not live on, but where freedom might dwell.

Ye are men whom the Turk could not chain,
When he smote all the flow'rs of the land;
In the day that the verdure of valley and plain
Was red from his merciless hand:
Remember that day when ye rushed on the foe,
With your brethren of Greece to lay tyranny low.

When slavery settled around
And Greece wept in chains and disgrace,
Then the tyrant looked up to your mountains and found
No Slave of the Sulliot race;
Through long years of peril, of danger, and gloom,
On your brows was the waving of Liberty's plume.

But the stain dies away from the land;
Greece starts into virtue once more;
Oh! 'tis glorious to see how the slave's lifted hand
Strikes the foe where he revell'd before!
From the garden of mind, which he trampled in wrath,
His steps shall be far on a desolate path.

Then onwards, ye Sulliot race,
That ye who had stood by the side
Of Freedom, when sorrowing, now may embrace
Her banner, in Victory's pride!
For the spirit that wander'd your mountains alone,
Shall tread on the dust of the Ottoman Throne.

Epigrams.

Silence is safest.

Young Courty takes me for a dunce,
For all night long I spoke but once;
On better grounds I think him such—
He spoke but once, yet once too much.

Plain Truth.

True, I confess it yester morn:
I've been in love this week or two;
Yet, cruel maid! forbear your scorn;
For take my word,—'tis not with you.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to Puzzle in our last.

A Bedstead.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
Why is a Dandy like a Bootee?

II.
Why are dwelling houses like ships?

CHARADE.

My sable first exciteh hate,
Or rage, or fear, or love,
Sometimes the greatest curse of fate,
As his'ry's page will prove.

By soldiers oft my second's said;
By you is often done;
But never when you are in bed,
And never when you run.

My whole is used every day,
By poet, peer, and tradesman too;
But how, or why, I will not say,
Because I'll leave the rest to you.

A COMPLETE AMERICAN
CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

- After Christ.
- 1777 Washington with his army retire into winter quarters at Valley Forge, where they endure great hardships, December.
- 1778 Treaty concluded at Paris between the United States and France, February 6.
- The Randolph, American frigate, blown up in an action with the Yarmouth, British 64, March 7.
- The court of France gives a public audience to Messrs. Franklin, Deane and Lee, the American commissioners, March 21.
- Sir Henry Clinton arrives at Philadelphia, and supersedes Sir William Howe, May 8.
- The earl of Carlisle, William Eden, and George Johnstone, commissioners from Great Britain, arrived at Philadelphia, June.
- Hostilities commence between France and Great Britain, June.
- Philadelphia evacuated by the British June 18.
- Battle of Monmouth, when the British are defeated by the Americans under Washington, June 28.
- Count d'Estaing arrives in the Delaware with 12 French ships of the line, July 8.
- The American frigate Hancock, captain Manly, of 32 guns, captured by the British frigate Rainbow of 42 guns, Sir George Collier commander, after a chase of 39 hours, July 8.
- Suier Gerard, the first ambassador from France to the United States, introduced to congress, August 6.
- 1779 Savannah taken by the British under lieutenant Campbell, January.
- Sunbury taken by general Prevost, Jan. 9.
- Battle of Brier Creek, March 3.
- General Ash, with 1500 Americans, surprised in Georgia by the British general Prevost, when 150 of his men are slain, and 162 made prisoners, May 9.
- The British make a descent on Virginia, destroy or capture 130 vessels, and burn vast quantities of property at Portsmouth, Norfolk, and Suffolk, May 10.
- Spain becomes an ally of France and America, against Great Britain, June.
- Fairfield (Conn.) burnt by the British, July 11.
- Norwalk (Conn.) burnt by the British, July 13.
- Stony Point taken by the Americans under General Wayne, when the British lose 63 killed and 542 prisoners, July 15.
- Pauls Hook taken by the Americans under general Lee, when the British lose 30 killed and 160 prisoners, July 19.
- A number of vessels destroyed at Penobscot by the British under Sir G. Collier, August 14.
- Count d'Estaing and general Lincoln attempt to storm Savannah, but are repulsed with great loss, September 1.
- 1780 Pensacola and the whole province of West Florida surrenders to Spain, May 9.
- Charleston (S. C.) surrenders to the British, and 2500 men are made prisoners, May 12.
- 300 Americans cut to pieces at Machaws (N. C.) by the British under Tarleton, May.
- Dark day in New England, May 19.
- Count Rochambeau with 6000 French troops arrived at Rhode Island, July 10.
- Battle of Camden (S. C.) in which the Americans under Gates, are defeated by the British under lord Cornwallis, and 1000 prisoners taken, August 16.
- Henry Laurens captured near Newfoundland by the Vestal frigate, September 3, sent to London, and (on October 4) is committed a close prisoner in the tower.
- General Benedict Arnold deserts to the British, September 26.
- Major Andre, adjutant general of the British army, hanged at Tappan (N. Y.), as a spy, October 2.
- Dreadful hurricane in the West Indies, October 3.
- Battle of King's Mountain (S. C.), in which the American militia under colonel M'Dowell, defeat the British, and take 800 prisoners, October 7.
- 1781 Remarkable severe winter, the river being frozen between New-York and Staten Island so that the troops with their heaviest cannon were transported across on the ice, January.
- Great devastation committed by the British under general Arnold at Richmond, Virginia, January 5.
- Battle of Cowpens (S. C.), when the Americans under general Morgan, defeat the British under Tarleton, killing 300 and making 600 prisoners, January 17.

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